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# EATON DEMOCRAT.

BY W. O. GOULD.

"Fearless and Free."

\$1.50 per Annum in Advance.

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**The Democrat**

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All communications addressed to the Editor must be sent free of postage to insure attention.

No communication inserted, unless accompanied by a responsible name.

**Poetical.**

**WE MISS THEE AT HOME.**

We miss thee at home—we miss thee,  
And oh, we wish thou wert here,  
To linger with us, rolling the fire,  
And share in the evening cheer.  
To list to the voices of loved ones,  
And the wish that thou never would'st roam;  
O yes, 'twould be joy without measure,  
Dearest brother, if thou would'st come home.

We miss thee at home—we miss thee,  
When the pleasures of evening are high,  
When the sun hath retired in splendor,  
To his home in the western sky,  
And the moon is shining so brightly,  
On the family circle at home,  
Oh, then, we miss thee, we miss thee,  
And sigh that thou still dost roam.

We miss thee at home—we miss thee,  
When we kneel down to pray,  
And the tears start from our eyes,  
As we ponder how long thou wilt stay;  
If before the winter is over,  
And the cold snow leaveth the earth,  
Thou wilt not meet in our circle,  
And cheer our desolate hearth.

But oh, when the spring-time cometh,  
And the birds from a distant shore,  
Then may we hope to fold thee,  
At home in our arms once more.  
To kneel with us in the grave-yard,  
O'er that dear little, sacred tomb,  
And mingle thy tears, dearest brother,  
With those thou hast left at home!

**Miscellaneous.**

**FIRST MARRIAGE IN THE FAMILY.**

"Home!" How that little word strikes upon the heart-strings, awakening all the sweet memories, that had slept in memory's chamber! Our home was a "pearl of price" among homes; not for its architectural elegance—for it was only a four-gabled brown, country-house, abated by two antediluvian oak trees; nor was its interior crowded with luxuries that charm life and come from every clime. Its furniture had grown old with us, for we remember its cushions and its polish, as we remember our father's face, by daily scrubbing, was somewhat the worse for wear, but must be confessed.

But neither the house nor its furnishings makes the home, and the charm of our day in the sympathy that linked the nine who called it home to one another. Father, mother, and seven children—five of them gay, bearded girls and two boys, petted just enough to be spoiled—not one link, had ever dropped from the chain of love or of cordoning drop fallen upon its bright links.

One sister differed from another in glory, even in the firmament of home. Thus—though we could not have told a stranger which sister or brother was dearest—but our gentlest, eldest, and our dearest, but the comfort and counselor of all besides, to the curly-haired boy who romped and roared in the appellation of "baby," given five years before—still an observing eye would soon have singled out sister Ellen as the sun-beam of our heaven, the morning star of our constellation. She was the second in age, but the first in the inheritance of that love of responsibility, which in such a household falls naturally upon the eldest daughter. Elizabeth had shouldered all her burden of care and kindness with a lighter heart and a lighter step. Upstairs and down cellar—in the parlor, nursery or kitchen—at the piano or the wash-bow with pen, pencil, needle or ladle—sister Ellen was always busy always with a smile on her cheek, and a word on her lip.

Quietly, happily, the months and years went by. We never realized that change was to come over our band. To be sure, when mother would look upon us, seated together, with our books, painting, and needle-work, and say, in her gentle way, with only half a sigh, "ah, girls, you are living your happiest days!" we would glance into each other's eyes and wonder who would go first. But it was a wonder that passed away as the years came, and the morning star of our constellation, sister Ellen, it could not be always so—and the danger came at last!

Sister Ellen was to be married!

It was like the crash of a thunderbolt in a clear summer sky! Sister Ellen—the fairy of the heart-strings, the darling of every heart—whom we could not spare her! Who had been so presumptuous as to find out her worth?—For the first moment the question burst from each surprised, half angry sister of the blushing, tearful Ellen.

For our hearts told us that no body could help loving her, who looked through her loving blue eyes into the clear, well-spring of that heart-beat. So we threw our arms around her, and sobbed without a word.

We knew very well that the young clergyman whose Sunday sermons and gentle admonitions had won all hearts, had been for months a weekly visitor to our fireside circle. With baby George on his knee, and George's brother, and sister Eliza's about him, he had sat through many an evening, listening to the hours away, until the clock startled us with its unwelcome 9 o'clock warning, and the softly spoken remark, "Girls, it is bed time!" took more than one stifled sigh of regret.

Then sister Ellen must go with us to lay George in his little bed; to hear him and Annette repeat the evening prayer and hymn, her lips had taught them; to comb the long brown braids of Emily's head; to read Arthur of the story-book, over which he would have squandered the mid-night oil and to breathe a kiss and a blessing over the pillow of each other sister, as she tucked the warm blankets tenderly around them.

We did not know how often of late she had stolen down again, from these sisterly duties after our sisters were locked in sleep; or if our eyes and ears have ever been open to the fact we could not have suspected the minister to be guilty of such a plot against our peace.

That name was associated, in our minds, with all that was sacred and good. The gray-haired pastor, who had gone to his grave six months previous, had sat as frequently on that oaken arm-chair and talked with us. We had loved him as a father and friend, and had almost worshipped him as the embodiment of all attainable goodness. And when Mr. Neville came among us with his high forehead, and soul-kindled eyes we had thought his face also "the face of an angel"—too glorious for the print of mortal passion. Especially after, in answer to an urgent call from the people among them we saw where on his native shore, that he only waited the evidence of Providence to a home in a foreign clime. After this much bewailed departure of his place, we placed our favorite preacher on a high pinnacle of saintship!

But sister Ellen was to be married—and married to Mr. Neville. And then, "Oh, sister, you are going away to India!" burst from our lips with a fresh gust of sob.

I was the first that broke up into Ellen's troubled face. It was, heaving with emotion that sufficed its calmness, as the tide ruffles the sea. Her lips were firmly compressed, her eyes were fixed on some distant dream glassed with two tears that stood still in their channels forbidden to fall. I almost trembled as I caught her glance.

"Sister! Agnes—Emily!" she exclaimed, in a husky whisper. "Hush! be calm! Don't break my heart, do I love him less than—"

The effort was too much; the words died on her lips. We lifted her to bed, frightened into forgetfulness of her own grief. We soothed her, until she, too, wept free and passionately and in weeping grew strong for the sacrifice to which she had pledged her heart.

We never spoke another word of remembrance to her tender heart though often, in the few months that flitted by us together, we used to choke with sobbing in some speech that hinted of the coming separation, and hurry from her presence to cry alone.

Our mother had told us the tidings with white lips that quivered tenderly and sadly. "No love is so uniformly unselfish as a mother's surely; for though she leaned on Ellen as the strong staff of her declining years she sorrowed not as we did, that she was going. She too was happy in the thought that her child had found that 'pearl of price,' in a cold and evil world—a true, noble, loving heart to guide and protect her."

Father sat silent in the chimney corner, reading in the family Bible. He was looking further than any of us to the perils that would environ his dearest daughter, and the privations that would come upon her young life, in that unhealthy, uninvited corner of the globe whither she was going. Both our parents had delighted their children to God; and they would not cast even a shadow on the path of self-sacrifice and duty their darling had chosen.

To come down to the unromantic little details of wedding preparations how we stitched and trimmed, packed and prepared—stoned raising with tears in our eyes and seasoned the wedding cake with sighs. But there is little use in thinking over these things. Ellen was first and foremost in all, as she had always been in any emergency, great or small—she was to be made ready for her journey. Even the bride's cake was taken from the oven by her own fair hands, because no one, servant, sister, or even mother, was willing to run the risk of burning sister Ellen's bride's cake; and she knew just how to bake it.

We were not left alone in our labors, for Ellen had been loved by more than the home roof sheltered. Old and young, poor and rich united in bringing their gifts, regrets, blessings to the chosen companion of the pastor's wife were soon to leave. There is something in the idea of missionary life that touches the sympathy of every heart which manhood has not too long severed. To see one, with sympathies refinements like our own, render the strong ties that bind to country and home, to friends and civilization, for the good of the best and degraded heathen, brings too strongly into relief by contrast the selfishness of most human lives led among the gayeties and pleasures of time.

The day, the hour came. The ship was to sail from it on the evening week, and it must take away an idol.

She stood up in the village church, till all who loved her and longed for another sight of her sweet face might look upon her, and hear the simple words that should link hearts for eternity. We sisters all around her but not too near; for our hearts were overflowing, and we could not wear the happy faces that should grace the train of bridesmaids. She had cheered us through the day with sunshine from her own heart, and even while we arrayed her in her simple muslin, like a lamb for sacrifice she had charmed our thoughts into cheerfulness. It seemed like some dream of fairy land, and she, the embodiment of grace and loveliness, acting the part of some Queen Titania for a little while. The dream changed to a far different reality, when at the door of her mother's room, she met her hand with a look that said, "Where thou goest will I go, even from all beside me!"

Tears fell fast in that assembly; though the good old matrons tried to smother, as they passed around the bride, to smother her and bid good-bye. A little girl in a patched but clean frock, pushed forward, with a bouquet of violets and strawberry blossoms in her hand.

"Here, Miss Nelly—please Miss Nelly," she cried half laughing, half sobbing, I picked them up for you, half sobbing, I picked them up for you."

Ellen stood and kissed the little, eager face. The child burst into tears, and caught the folds of her dress, as though she would have buried her face there. But a strong armed woman, mindful of the bride's attire, smothered the child away.

"And for what would you be whimpering in that way, as if you had any right to Miss Ellen?"

"She was always good to me, and she's my Sunday school teacher," pleaded the little girl in a subdued undertone.

Agnes drew her to her side and silently comforted her.

"Step aside—Father Herick is here!" said one just then.

The crowd about the bridal pair opened to admit a white-haired, half-blind old man, who came leaning on the arm of his son, George, daughter, Father Herick was a superannuated deacon, whose good words and works had won him a place in every heart in that assembly.

"They told me she was a going," he murmured to himself, "they say she is leaving me! I want to see my little girl again—bless her!"

Ellen sprang forward and laid both her white trembling hands in the lace hand of the good old man. He drew her near his failing eyes and looked searchingly into her young, soul-lit countenance.

"I can't just see you, darling; and they tell me I shall never see you again! Well, if we go in God's way we shall all get to Heaven, and it's all right there!" He raised his hand over her head, and added solemnly, "The blessings of blessings be upon thee, my child, Amen!"

"Amen," echoed the voice of Henry Neville and Ellen looked up with the look of an angel.

So she went from us! Oh, the last moment of that parting hour has burnt itself into my being forever! Could the human heart endure the agony of parting like this, realized to be indeed the last—lighted by no ray of hope for eternity? Would not reason reel under the pressure?

It was hard to bear; but I have no words to tell of its bitterness. She went to her native shore, and we learned at last to live without her, though it was many a month before the little ones could forget to call on "sister Ellen" in any impulse of joy, grief, or child-

dish want. Then the start and the sigh "Oh, dear, she's gone—sister is gone!" and fresh tears would flow.

Gone but not lost, for the First Marriage in the family opened to us a fountain of happiness, pure as the spring of self-sacrifice could make it. Our household darling has linked us to a world of needy and perishing spirits—a world that asks for the energy and the aid of those who go from us and those who remain in the dear country of her birth. God bless her and her choice! Dear sister Ellen, those may be many other branches in the family—we may be all scattered to the four winds of Heaven—but no change can come over us like that which marked the First Marriage.

**Stick to some One Pursuit.**

There cannot be greater error than to be frequently changing one's business. If any man will look around and notice who have got rich and who have not, he will find that the successful have generally stuck to some one pursuit.

Two lawyers, for example, begin to practice at the same time. One devotes his whole mind to his profession, lays in slowly a stock of legal learning, and waits patiently, it may be for years, till he gains an opportunity to show his superiority. The other, tired of such slow work, dashes into politics. Generally, at the end of twenty years, the latter will not be worth a penny while the former will have a handsome practice, and count his tens of thousands in bank stocks or mortgages.

Two clergymen in a majority simultaneously. One remains with his former employer, or at least in the same line of business, at first on a small salary; then on a larger, until finally, if he is meritorious, he is taken into partnership. The other thinks it beneath him to fill a subordinate position, now he has become a man and accordingly starts in some other business on his own account, or undertakes a new firm in the old line of trade. There does he end? Often in insolvency, rarely in riches. To the every merchant can testify.

A young man is bred a mechanic. He acquires a distaste for his trade, however, thinks it a tedious way to get ahead, and sets out for the West or California. But in most cases, the same restless, discontented, and speculative spirit which carried him away at first, renders continuous application at any place impossible to him; and so he goes wandering about the world, a sort of semi-civilized Arab, really a vagrant in character, and sure to do insolent and unbecoming things. His fellow apprentice, who has staid at home, practicing economy, and working steadily at his trade, has grown comfortable in his circumstances, and is even perhaps a citizen of mark.

There are men of ability, in every walk of life, who are notorious for never getting along. Usually it is because they never stick to any one business. Just when they have mastered one pursuit, and are on the point of making money, change it for another, which they do not understand; and in a little while, what little they are worth is lost forever. We know scores of such persons. Go where you will, you will generally find that the men who have failed in life are those who have stuck to one thing long.—*Phil. Ledger.*

**A YANKEE LYRIC.**

A domestic drama, in two acts and a half, about the kind of metre used most by gas companies.

This loving after beauty,  
This shining after earth,  
This shining after fashion,  
Wherever fashion whirls,  
And all that sort of thing—  
May do for those who like them—  
For those devoid of taste,  
For those who harbor dreams of  
For diamonds and  
And other block-heads—  
But to a wife who truly loves,  
Who'd like what she appears,  
Who'd spend and sacrifice the man,  
That keeps away her tears,  
And brings her tapers home,  
We'd whisper softly in her ear,  
We'd glow in her heart,  
That knowing well to her steak  
Dearest sentiment and art  
A Yankee's heart.

**A Lady Philanthropist.**

"Mrs. Ames, was sitting in her front room when she was approached by Mrs. Armstrong, a very public spirited lady who took a wonderful interest in all reforms and benevolent enterprises, especially those undertaken for the benefit of people at a distance.

"My dear Mrs. Ames," she commenced, "I am the agent of a sewing circle just established, the object of which is to provide suitable clothing for the children in Patagonia. I am told they are in the habit of going about in a state of nature, which, you know, is dreadful to contemplate."

"Perhaps they are used to it."

"But there is no reason why we should not improve their condition. So we have agreed to hold a meeting two evenings in a week with this object in view. Will you join us?"

"I'm afraid I can't. I should be obliged to neglect my own children, as I presume will be the case with some of those who attend."

"For example, that boy in the street, he has a hole in each elbow, and his clothes are covered with mud. I presume his mother belongs to some of those benevolent associations, and has no time to attend to her own children."

"Mrs. Ames," asked her visitor, raising with indignation, "do you mean to insult me?"

"Insult you?" was the astonished reply—"Of course not; what makes you think so?"

"Do you know who that boy is, of whom you speak?"

"No, I don't; but I should like."

"You would? Well, my son, George Washington Jackson Armstrong, what have you to say to that?"

"Say? Why nothing. Only it is unfortunate for the poor boy that he is not a Patagonian!"

Mrs. Armstrong, without a reply swept out of the room with the majesty of a queen.

She is still canvassing for the sewing circle in behalf of the youthful Patagonians, while George Washington is permitted to roam at will through the streets on condition that he will not wear within sight of Mrs. Ames's window.

Mrs. Armstrong, like charity, should begin at home, though there is no occasion for its ending there.

—It is a Jew which God himself has made, that the brow which is shot from the persecutor's bow, shall rebound and pierce the persecutor's heart.

—The church of God is often the most prosperous, when she has least an her officers, fewest in her temples, and nothing but hostility in the world.

—A clear conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with it.

**For the Eaton Democrat.**

**Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery.**

The annual announcement of this institution is before us. In looking over its corps of Professors we find them gentlemen highly qualified for the positions they occupy. Some of them have been long known as teachers, whilst others, have for near a quarter of a century been identified with the cultivation and practice of their profession in the west. We find that the college is about commencing its sixth session. The catalogue before us indicates a properly the most flattering, its rise and progress having far surpassed the hopes of its most sanguine friends, and under its present management, official and professional, its future cannot waste, but grow better and more encouraging with the return of each annual commencement.

To this college is attached the Marine Hospital, in which all sick seamen are received and treated. Extensive as is our commerce, employing emigrants of every kind, the labor upon which requires a large number of seamen, and consequently as they are to every exposure and inconvenience of weather and liable to frequent accidents, a large portion must of necessity fall ill, and require Medical and Surgical aid. The inmates of this Hospital are not only the most numerous, but are generally affected with diseases of an acute nature, and hence are much more interesting as well as infinitely more useful to the student than the chronic cases with which most charities are filled.

Prof. Baker has charge of the Surgical department of the Hospital, and is thus enabled to present a large and interesting surgical, and throughout the session the student is enabled to witness a great number of operations and have presented to him an extensive variety of surgical cases of a recent character, such as he is liable to meet with in every day practice. Prof. Baker occupies a high position in his profession—a bold and skillful operator and fluent lecturer.

The Medical wards are under the care of the professor of Theory and Practice, Dr. S. Lawson, M. D. The Medical clinic is large and composed of the acute diseases, and those which particularly belong to the west and south, the advantage to the student of this bedside teaching is incalculable. The principles which he receives in the lecture room are here reduced to practice, and he thus becomes to a great extent familiar with the peculiar characteristics of individual affections. The wisdom of clinical instruction is now no longer a question—it is essential to a thorough and complete Medical education. Every intelligent physician is aware of this, and Medical students will hereafter seek those colleges where its instruction is recommended by a liberal provision for its prosecution.

Prof. Lawson has been engaged in the practical application of those "Principles of Practice" which he so successfully teaches, his large clinic will enable him to illustrate his lectures by specific cases and with such advantage the teacher must make rapid advancement in the study, and his knowledge be most accurate in diagnosis and treatment.

The Prof. of Chemistry formerly occupied the same chair in the Medical College of Ohio, and has for some time lectured upon "Applied Chemistry" in the Mechanic's Institute, Bacon's Commercial College, Cincinnati, Southern School of Medicine, Western Dispensary Association, and Gundry's Commercial College. With much experience in lecturing and teaching he will be enabled to give his course a practical and useful character.

The importance of Physiology and Surgical Anatomy has been recognized in establishing a chair devoted to them and the appointment to it of Prof. C. B. Chapman. These two sciences have generally been attached to other departments and but little attention given to them. Prof. Chapman, by his previous experience as a lecturer on Surgery and Anatomy in the Iowa University, and formerly on Anatomy and Physiology in this institution, and having the advantages of European teaching, will be able to give a course of instruction of real benefit to his class.

The chair of Anatomy is well supplied with the materials for teaching and illustrating the branch. The Prof. W. W. Dawson, M. D., has for some years been engaged in the dissection of the natural sciences, but more especially of Anatomy. He was formerly Demonstrator in this institution, and being authoritatively devoted to his department, he can but make his course useful to his students.

Part of portion of the profession which gives the young practitioner most apprehension, and upon which he needs instruction of the most thorough and practical nature, may be found under the department of Obstetrics. To this chair the trustees have called a gentleman who has for many years been engaged in our midst in an extensive practice. Prof. Crane has devoted much time and care to the study of "Obstetrics" and diseases of Women and Children, and comes before his class with large experience, and a mind stored with well digested facts. Having as he has, devoted much attention to these subjects, he cannot fail to be an instructive lecturer.

Prof. Harrison formerly occupied the same chair in the Indiana Medical College that he now does in this institution—that of Materia Medica and Therapeutics and Medical Jurisprudence. He is enthusiastically fond of this department—he is a fluent speaker with a clear brain, and his teaching, most necessarily assume that interest and attention which their position and importance demand.

The regular course of lectures will commence on the 30th of October and continue until the 1st of March.

There will be a preliminary course of lectures during the month of October, to which all students are invited free of charge. The wards of the Marine Hospital will be open free to all during the month.

The dissecting room will also be open early in October.

The anatomical library and cabinet which are attached will be accessible to the student without any additional fee.

In conclusion we would again call the attention of those contemplating attending lectures to the fact that, the Marine Hospital is permanently attached to this college—that it affords the clinic in the city, and that advantages of this nature are matters of much importance that they should not be overlooked.

II.

—Be always frank and true; spare every sort of flattery and disguise. Have the courage to confess your ignorance and awkwardness. Confound your faults to but few.

—A blind girl on being asked to give the definition of forgiveness, replied "It is forbearance, which flowers yield when they are trampled upon."

—In the creation of man, God began at the outside; but in the work of regeneration, he begins within—at the heart.

[Unsyn.]

**A MONKEY'S REVENGE.**

When monkeys are in captivity, they are very endeavor to be noticed by visitors, partly for what they can, and partly because they hope for certain donations of nuts, apples and other dainties. Their jealousy is easily excited, and knows no bounds if they imagine their rival is getting more than his fair share of the good things. I was once a witness of a most absurd scene of jealousy.

A few years ago one of Wombwell's well known collections visited Oxford, and, as usual, exhibited a large number of monkeys. These little animals exercised all their ingenuity in attracting the notice of the visitors, in order to obtain some of the nuts, apples, &c., which they saw the elephant receiving. One particularly lively monkey had obtained considerable eminence in his art, and used to monopolize a small portion of his various dainties. Suddenly, he failed to procure his usual supplies, and saw with great indignation, the most of his visitors, particularly the ladies, had turned their attention to the next cage. This of course excited his jealousy and curiosity, and he exerted all his endeavors to discover the cause of his desertion. At length, by dint of great perseverance, he contrived to poke out a knot in the board which divided their partition, and on looking through the aperture he beheld the cause of his misfortune. That unfortunate baby monkey instantly became the object of his unremitting persecution. He watched it through the knot, he pulled it by the tail, he crawled to the corner and tried to reach the poor animal—he poked the keeper's pocket of the food that ought to have come to his rival—and, in fact, spent his time in devising new annoyances. The mother all this time was perfectly acquainted with the evil design of her neighbor, and carefully kept her baby away from the dangerous corner where the monkey's hand was continually intruding itself. In a short time the little one was suffering from exhaustion, and his untiring enemy redoubled his exertions.

At last his time of revenge arrived. One day he was observed to pay more attention to his peep hole, and after long and patient watching, he was seen to commence that peculiar vibrating movement which generally precedes a monkey's mischief. Suddenly his eye was withdrawn from the knot hole, his hand thrust through it, and with lightning and with a bring with it the tail of the unfortunate little monkey on the other side of the partition. He fixed his feet firmly on each side of the knot hole, and to get away at his rival's tail, alternately screamed with delight and chattering with fear at the punishment which he well knew would follow.

The poor baby monkey, on being assailed in such an unexpected manner, set up a most heart-rending outcry, on hearing which, her mother flew to her assistance, and seeing her offspring apparently fastened to the wall, seized it by its arms, and pulled it with all her might in order to release it. The accursed monkey, the mother exclaimed, and the little screamed, until the outcry drew the attention of the keeper, at whose approach the aggressor hastened to his hold of the victim's tail, and crouched into the farthest corner of his cage, where he displayed exceeding ingenuity in avoiding the cuts of the keeper's whip.

**Influence of a Newspaper.**

A school-teacher, who has been engaged a long time in his profession, and who received the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes to the editor of the Ogdensburg Sentinel as follows:

I have found it to be the universal fact, with out exception, that those scholars of both sexes and of all ages, who have had access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are:

1. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation and emphasis, and consequently more understood.

2. They are better spellers and define words with ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography, in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of the important places, nations, their governments and things on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians, for having become so familiar with every variety of style in the newspaper, from the common place advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts, more clearly and more correctly expressed.

6. These young men, who have, for years, been readers of the newspapers are always taking the lead in the debating society, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness in their use of language.

**MAXIMS FOR A YOUNG MAN.**

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.

Keep good company or none.

Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

Have no very intimate friends.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above every else.

Never listen to loose or idle conversation.

You had better be poisoned in your blood than your principles.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none can believe him.

Drink no intoxicating liquors.

Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day.

Never speak lightly of religion.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Small and steady pains give competency and tranquility of mind.

Never play at any kind of game.

Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it.

Earn your money before you spend it.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Never think that which you do for religion is time or money mispent.

Read some portion of the bible every day.

**Counsels for life.**

—The worst feature in a man's face is his nose, when stuck into other people's business.

**A Palpable Hit.**

Passing the high board fence of a fine residence the other day, we heard a little fellow on the inside shouting:

"Ho, Jim, look through the fence and see my run."

Not perceiving anything of "Jim," we determined to fill his place, so we peeped at a convenient knot hole, but at the same moment we received a face "plum full" of dirty water, the contents of a squirt gun. The rough little fellow having discharged his firearm shot, lifted up a great laugh and ran away to hide, while we were of course, convinced that peeping through knot holes is, and ought to be, dangerous business.

**A Pleasant Call.**—"Dinner's ready, if you please sir."

—An unpleasant call—"I just called, sir, to see if you could settle my little bill."

—A late waggish printer, while on his death-bed, was requested to be composed—"Distributed you mean," was his last reply.

—An apothecary in Salem, Mass., has written over his door—"All kinds of 'dyeing stuff' for sale here."

—The difference between a carriage horse and a carriage wheel is this—one goes best when it is tired and the other don't.

—Some "fast" youngsters wear blue coats and brass buttons. The blue is indicative of their feelings, the brass of their manners.

—Sentimental young lady—"Pray, Mr. Charles, bow the wind?" Embarrassed young man—"Pretty well, I thank you."

—The woman who undertook to sew the woods, has abandoned the job, on account of the price of soap suds.

—A Quaker said to a gunner—"Friend, I counsel no bloodshed; but if it be thy design to hit the little man in the blue jacket, point three engine three inches lower."

—Mother, this book tells about the "angry waves of the ocean." Now what makes the ocean angry? Because it has been crossed so often by man.

—"Would you not have known this boy to be my son from his resemblance to me?" asked a gentleman. Mr. Curran answered—"Yes, sir; the maker's name is stamped upon the inside."

—Hood gives a graphic picture of an irritable man thus: "He is like a hot-water bottle rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his prickles."

—An attorney about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as he could." "AN," replied the attorney, "that's what you say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

—A clergyman exclaiming the scholars in a Wisconsin Sunday school, asked a little boy how he thought man felt while in the whale's belly. "Pretty well down in the mouth, sir," was the prompt reply.

—"What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner of a recent school exhibition. "The chief use of bread," answered the truthful, apparently unmindful of the simplicity of the inquiry, "is to spread butter and molasses on it."

—A good lesson making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very unpopular man, put the usual question—"Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh, yes," said the sick man. "I am glad of that," said the doctor, "for all the neighbors are willing."

—On the late ascent of an mountain, a gentleman requested to be allowed to accompany him into the alpine regions. "Are you good tempered?" asked the attendant. "I believe so," said the other, but why do you ask the question?" "For fear we may fall out on the way."

—Your father would not have punished you, my child, if you had not used profane language and swore. Well, father swore. I know he has been in the habit of it, but he leaves off now. It's a pity he hadn't done before he taught Bill and me to swear, and then we should have been saved many a dard's licking.

—A gentleman attempted in a hurry to ask a waiter in a hotel for a pitcher of drinking water, thus—Waiter, have you a drinker of pitcher water? No, sir, was the reply; we haven't no drinker of pitcher and water in the establishment; but if you want a wumbler of later, you can have it.

—The longest lived people known are those who collect bills for editors. Their constant exercise and anticipation conduce greatly, we suspect, to their length of days.

—An English paper semi-jocosely says that roast beef, necessity of mind, a pretty wife and cold water baths, will make almost any man "healthy, wealthy and wise."

—The man that has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato plant; all the good belonging to him is under the ground.

—A celebrated writer on the right, says that wearing glasses permanently weakens many naturally good eyes, on account of the endeavor of the eye to adjust itself to the ceaseless vibration of that common article of dress.

—Said an aged convert of one of the Hervey Islands, after receiving his first copy of the entire Bible, "My brethren and sisters, this is my resolve—the dust shall never cover my new Bible; the moth shall never eat it; the mildew shall not rot it; my light my joy!"

—Strawberries and Girls.—At a debating society in Schenectady, the other day, the subject was, the most beautiful production, a girl or a strawberry? After continuing the argument for two nights, the meeting finally adjourned without coming to a conclusion—the old members voting for the strawberries, and the young ones for the girls.

—A chord of love runs through all the sounds of creation, but the ear of love alone can distinguish it.

—Our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well—while the one ascends the other descends.

—Something must be left as a test of the loyalty of the heart—in Paradise is in Israel, a Canaanite; in us temptation (Cecil).

—Forget injuries and remember benefits; if you grant a favor forget it, if you receive one remember it.

—When a man owns himself to be in an error, he soon tells you in other words that he is wiser than he was.

—A truth which one has never heard causes the soul to smother at first which touches it keenly; but when it is accustomed to it, it becomes insensible there.